

Home Circle.

HERE IS THE HISTORY OF A LIE.

First someboby told it,
Then the room wouldn't hold it,
So the busy tongues rolled it,
Till they got it outside;
Then the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded
In smoke and in shame;
When from mud and from mire
The pieces flew higher
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name!

LAUGHTER A GREAT TONIC.

Keeps the Spirits Buoyant, the Heart and Face
Young.

"I presume if we laughed more we should all be happier and healthier," writes Edward W. Bok in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. "True, we are a busy and a very practical people. And most of us probably find more in this life to bring the frown than the smile. But nevertheless, it is a pity that we do not laugh more; that we do not bring ourselves to the laugh, if need be. For we all agree that a good laugh is the best medicine in the world. Physicians have said that no other feeling works so much good to the entire human body as that of merriment. As a digestive, it is unexcelled; as a means of expanding the lungs, there is nothing better. It keeps the heart and face young. It is the best of all tonics to the spirits. It is, too, the most enjoyable of all sensations. A good laugh makes us better friends with ourselves and everybody around us, and puts us into closer touch with what is best and brightest in our lot in life. It is to be regretted, then, that such a potent agency for our personal good is not more often used. It costs nothing. All other medicines are more or less expensive. 'Why,' said an old doctor not long ago, 'if people fully realized what it means to themselves to laugh, and laughed as they should, ninety per cent of the doctors would have to go out of business.' Probably when we get a little less busy we shall laugh more. For, after all, the difference between gloom and laughter is but a step. And if more of us simply took a step aside oftener than

we do, and rested more we would laugh more. By laughing I do not mean the silly giggle indulged in by some women and so many girls. There is no outward mark which demonstrates the woman of shallow mind so unmistakably as that of giggling. There is no sense in the giggle; no benefit to be derived from it. It makes a fool of the person herself, and renders every one about her uncomfortable. But just as the giggle is the outcome of a small mind, the hearty laugh is the reflection of a healthful nature. What we want is more good laughers in the world—not more gigglers.

NOT SO STUPID AFTER ALL.

It was Saturday afternoon, and one of those dismal rainy days that come so often in November. Mother thought the children ought not to go out, so they had spent nearly all the afternoon in the library making scrap books for Children's Hospital.

"I wish I was an English girl," sighed little Alice.

"Why?" asked Norman.

"Cause then maybe I could have a dear little donkey to ride," she answered, looking at a picture she had just cut from a paper. "What do you suppose this donkey is doing, mother?" she asked, turning the picture so the others could see.

"Why, he's opening that gate, isn't he?" asked Norman.

"Yes, I think that is what he is trying to do," answered Mrs. Blakely. "I remember reading a story, too, that just fits that picture. It was about a farmer who had several horses and one donkey. He said the donkey was always the ringleader in any piece of mischief. Once he fastened the horses in a field next to one where there was a fine crop of oats. The horses looked over into the next field and wished they had some oats, but they could not jump over the gate, the oats were safe.

"But the donkey managed to get into the oat field, and then he went straight to the gate and pulled and tugged with his teeth at a pin in the ring until he got it out. The gate swung open and the delighted horses trotted gaily into the field.

"When the farmer saw the horses galloping about and trampling down his oats, he could not imagine how they had gotten in; he supposed some mischievous boy had played a trick on him. He never thought of the little donkey; but when the same thing happened three times running, he decided to catch the tricky person whoever he might be.

"So early one morning, he went out and watched, and you can imagine his

surprise when he saw the donkey walk up to the gate and pull out the pin while the horses stood looking on, ready to trot in as soon as the gate swung open."

"Well," said Norman, "I always thought donkeys were stupid, but I don't see any thing stupid about that little fellow.—*The Sunbeam*."

HELEN KELLER, THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

It is important that the reader should know that Helen is no longer dumb. She has for the last five years employed articulate speech as almost her sole method of communicating with those who can hear. She was not quite ten years old when one day she startled Miss Sullivan by spelling upon her fingers, "I must speak." She had learned of a deaf and blind child in Norway, Ragnhild Kaata, who had been taught to speak. At once the determination seized her that she also would speak. Nothing could discourage or dissuade her; and so she was taken to Miss Sarah Fuller, of the Horace Mann school, to receive her first instruction in articulation. Details of the process of that instruction cannot here be given. Suffice it to say that "in less than a month she was able to converse intelligibly in oral language." Only eleven lessons and the child was talking more distinctly than the majority of deaf children under the best instruction in articulation are able to do after several years of effort! There is something which touches the fountain of tears in the pathetic yet exultant words of the determined girl when she found herself able to speak: "I am not dumb now!" It was the writer's privilege at Chautauqua, in July 1894, to have repeated opportunities to converse with this most interesting child; and while her articulation was by no means perfect, there was but little difficulty in understanding all she said. It was the writer's privilege also to personally test her remarkable ability in lip reading by touch. He found her able with great facility to understand in a protracted conversation what was said, by putting her fingers upon his lips.—*J. T. McFarland, D.D., in The Chautauquan for September*.

A member of a rural school board visited a school under his jurisdiction. When asked to make "a few remarks," he said: "Well, children, you reads well and you spells well, but you hain't sot still."—*Harper's Bazar*.

A GOOD RULE.

Let everything you do, dear,
And say, and think, be true, dear,
Falsehoods always bring distress,
But truth will never fail to bless;
Its blessing be on you, dear.